

# APA-FILK

# 38

MAY 1 1988

A quarterly amateur press association for filk-singing and filk-singers.

**REWARD**  
leading to discovery of girl whose thing is to be tickled in the ribs, armpits, or soles of feet, or to sc tickle others. Pls write to Bryan Z. Dee, 525 N. Laurel Ave LA 48

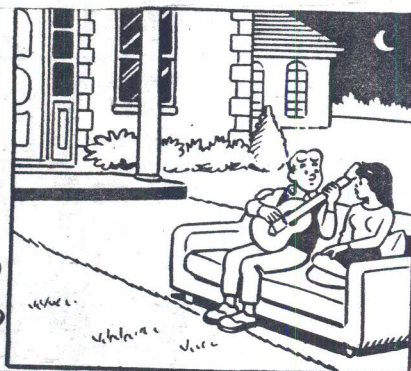
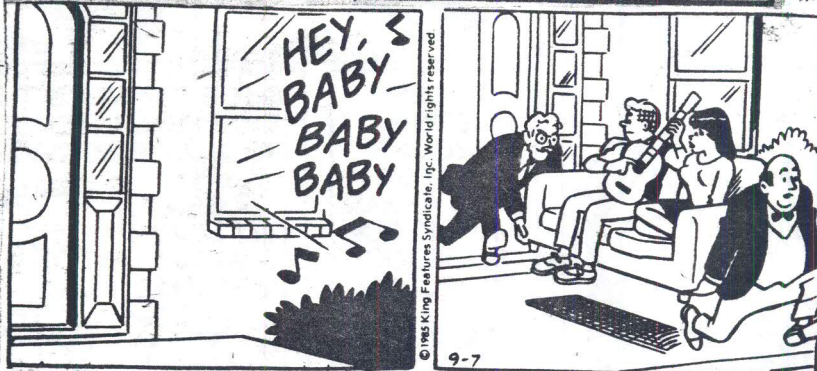
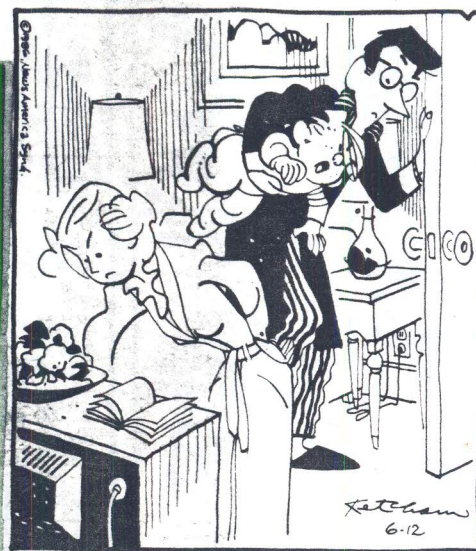
## Beerly domestic

The F.X. Matt Brewing Co. says its new Brenner's Amber Light tastes like imported suds. At \$3.50 a bottle, it's priced like it.

## Warning issued on new 'killer' cheese

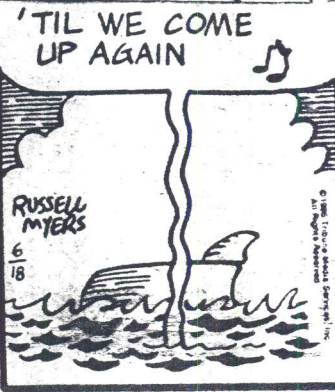
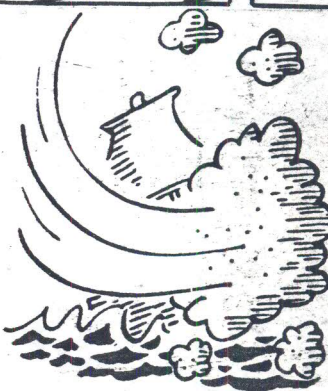
### MOD MOD NEWS

## JOSHUA TO OPEN JERICHO MUSIC FESTIVAL WITH TRUMPETS



SAILING, SAILING,  
OVER THE BOUNDING  
MAIN...

MANY A STORMY  
SEA SHALL BLOW...



## Exclamation point

Philadelphia outfielder Jeff Stone, when offered a shrimp cocktail: "No, thanks. I don't drink."

AS A TRIBUTE TO  
LEE "MR. AMERICA"  
IACocca, WE  
HAVE A SPECIAL  
GUEST STAR...

"VALENTINE"  
THE DANCING  
COCKROACH!  
TAKE IT  
AWAY!



OH GIMME HYPE! PUBLICITY!  
GET DEM STRETCH MARKS  
OFF MISS LIBERTY!  
MOCHA! POLKA! PATRIOTIC  
TAPIOCA...  
DAT'S WHAT IS MY  
IACocca!



UNION BUSTING! PROFIT LUSTING!  
LITTLE PINTOS ALL COMBUSTING!  
APPLE PIE AND DIET COKE-A-  
DAT'S WHAT IS MY  
IACocca!

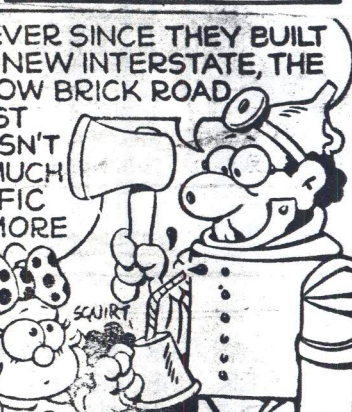
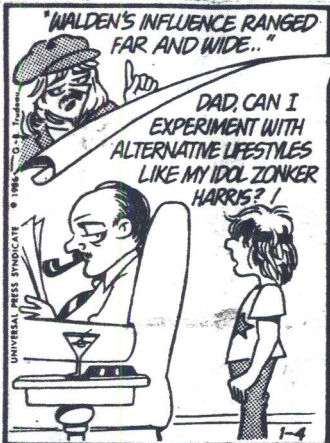


WELL!  
THAT WAS  
SIMPLY--

..AWFUL.









JERSEY FLATS #15, May, 1988

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

\*\*\*\*\*

This has probably been the worst winter for ailments I've ever been through. I haven't exactly been sick for the last four months, I just haven't really felt WELL. I managed to get to work and to Cons, but I didn't have the energy or the voice until BaltiCon...

#### CONVENTION REPORTS

When we last left the ever-popular Rogow, she had just gotten through the January Creation Con, feeling like death warmed over. That feeling hung on through most of February (one Creation Con) and into March.

LunaCon was, in some ways, a disappointment. I got to talk to Harry Harrison (GoH) and I got to show off my new costume (Queen of Night, from "The Magic Flute")...but by the time I got to filk it was well after midnight, and neither my voice nor my corporeal being could take much more than an hour...so I had to pull a "Bob Aspirin", and take over, if I was going to sing at all.

I was just going to close up (after about 45 minutes) when someone asked about "The Fannish Orchestra". (For those of you unfamiliar with this, it's the old "Orchestra Song", with lyrics about each type of Media fandom...it's in the first Rec-Room Rhymes Omnibus)

There were about 35-40 people crammed into the room...and I got everyone into the act! There were a couple of people taping the madness...and I made up a sign-up sheet of everyone who was involved...and if/when I ever get a Master Tape of the thing, I'll figure out a way to get a copy to all the participants.

The only good part of this nuttiness was that I was able to sell quite a few copies of GRIP #29, which has a working version of "Banned From Argo: The New Generation". Not everyone is a member of APA-Filk, after all!

ClipperCon...the week after LunaCon, and what a difference a week makes, not to mention a change of venue! ClipperCon is strictly Media.. Fan-run on Fannish principles. Actually, I think ClipperCon and the summer version, Shore Leave, combine the fannishness with the commercialism, so that Neos can come in and not be totally turned off by clannish fannish behavior.

There were lots of fanzines (including mine) and I did quite well.. and I won a Workmanship Award for crocheting the "Queen of Night" costume... but there was little or no filking. A room had been set aside for it, but most of the filk was 'performance'...by the Boogie Knights, and the Denebian Slime Devils. And my voice was shot anyway, from the various bugs "going around". So Claire Meyer and I did a few things together, but that was more or less it as far as ClipperCon and filking was concerned.

However, with the triumph of "The Fannish Orchestra" still in my ear and with discussions of ST:NG raging around me, I came up with the following which can be sung by four or more people:

## THE FOUR OFFICERS(New Generation)

(to the tune of "The Four Musicians")  
by Roberta Rogow

Picard: I am a Star Fleet Captain, my head is bald and gray,

The crew snaps to Attention when they hear me say:

"Engage, sirs, Engage! Get that boy off my Bridge, sirs!"

(trumpet) "Ta-ra-tata, ta-ra-tata, ta-ra-ra-ra-ra."

Riker: I am a 'Fleet Commander, i'm tall and bold and gay

(aloud) Not THAT gay!

I listen to my Captain when I hear him say:

"Well done, Number One; make it so, Number one!"

(trombone) Rha-rha, ra-ra-ra, rha-ra-ra-rara."

Worf: I am a Star Fleet klingon, I'm in it for the pay;

And everybody jumps around, when they hear me say:

"Let's blast'em, let's blast 'em, let's take a gun  
and blast'em!"

(tuba) "Bang, bang, zap, zap, zap zap, bang bang zap, zap, zap."

Data: I am a Star Fleet Android, with puzzles I will play,

And i will ask the Captain every single day:

"Inquiry, inquiry: Is humor a necessity?"

(piccolo) "Twiddle-ee-dee-dee, tweedle-ee-dee-dee, twiddle  
diddle ee-dee-diddle-diddde-ee!"

All: We all are Star Fleet Officers, we stand with you today

A whole New Generation, we're Trekkin' on our way;

Come join us, come join us, come take a part and join us!

And so we come to BaltiCon, which is supposed to be the Ne Plus Ultra of East Coast Filk, only this time around there was an even stronger hand in charge than mine: Susa n Wheeler, who ran the "Bardic Circle" with a battery of Irish and Scottish song-books spread out in front of her. Friday night filking didn't begin until after the Masquerade, and that ended somewhere around 1 AM...I didn't get to bed until 3:30, when my daughter Louise decided she needed her paraphernalia, which she had dumped there, since we got the first room off the lobby.

This was good, because it was easier to get to...and bad, because it was right in the line of traffic. BaltiCon is a PARTY Con...and most of them were right down the hall! I did not get much sleep at BaltiCon. I didn't have a table to run, so I didn't have to BE anywhere...but sleep is one of those things that a middle-aged fan occasionally needs.

I did get to a lot of panel discussions at BaltiCon....on Animal intelligence (cats have it, chickens don't); on crossing genres (everyone



is now ordered to run to the library for a copy of "Redwall" by Brian Jacques...it's probably in the Children's Room, and it's about Heroic Fantasy mice!); on costuming. I also got to the shortest art auction on record...only 43 items! It took 5 bids for an item to go to auction, which pleased me no end, since I got a nice pastel of Vincent the Beast for a mere \$13, but infuriated the artists, who NEED auctions to generate loot!

And so to parties, because the filking wasn't supposed to start until after the auction, only the auction ended two hours early! And some filking that wound up around 3AM...and no sleep!

And for those who still want it: "A Computer Went A-Courting" is still in print; by Carol Greene, Children's press, \$10.40 (but check Books In Print at the library for the ISBN). I haven't seen it in bookstores; you might check your library or school.

#### COMMENTS TO OTHER PEOPLE

To M. Middleton: You and about the entire Eastern Seaboard seem to be going through "chickenpops". We had a rash of it (ho ho ho!) in New Jersey, along with the New Flu. At one point 8 out of 20 library staff were out with one bug or another. And thanx for the fair treatment of FILKINDEX in "Harpings". We'll try harder next time.

To G. Baker: Babies seem to bring out filking instincts in the oddest places. My mother used to allay sibling rivalries (she hoped!) by crooning this one to me: She's only a baby, only a baby,

Her head is covered in fuzz;

She doesn't do what the big girls do,

But she does what a baby does!

The "baby" now has three of her own!

To M. Marcus: Gee whiz, it's not the kid's fault if the Great Bird has a Fixation! I think we'll be seeing less of Wesley and more of Worf...I really liked the episode about the Klingon renegades.

To J. Boardman: I've heard the "Crash Space Jig", but never had the words before. A variant is "The Fans Are Sleeping..." (to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"). The combinations and permutations of finding compatible roomies sometimes gets more than a little weird, especially when you have several sets of friends with different needs. I've managed to put a few such groupings together...not always happily. Or do men simply not CARE that Person A snores, Person B uses the bathroom for an inordinate length of time, Person C smokes (tobacco...I'm not even going to THINK about the other Controlled Substances, anyone using them is OUT of any room for which I am responsible)...and Person D (me!) has to do crossword puzzles before falling asleep, no matter what the hour. I guess it's one of those male/female anomalies that adds to the enjoyment of life.



# MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS TO FILL UP AN OTHERWISE BLANK SPACE

ST:NG is definitely improving...as the heavy hand of the "originators" is lifted, and we are no longer seeing the Plot We Couldn't Do Last Time. The episodes on Klingons and Ferengyi were good...so was the one about the hostages (they flash titles so fast half the time I miss them). Wesley got his chance at the Academy in "Coming of Age"...and he flunked. So I guess Wil Wheaton's contract's been renewed for another season. Alas, Tasha Yar's gonna get it...Denise Crosby's off for greener pastures. Says she wants to say more than 'hailing frequencies open, Captain." She ought to talk to Nichelle Nichols, who's been doing it for 20 years!

"Beauty and the Beast" is definitely the sleeper hit of the TV season...they kissed in the last episode, but only mentally! Nice going! And applying "Ozymandias" to modern life...yes, it's getting people to consider reading poetry...Now, if they'll only DO it!

More reading: Having watched "Noble House" on TV (I'm either a glutton for punishment or an unregenerate Pierce Brosnan fan), I felt I should read Clavell's original. GHOD! The man's a "grabber"...there was a LOT in the book that never got to the screen, and of course the love interest had to be changed...I'm hooked on Clavell. He's managed to get inside the Oriental mind in a way that few Western writers can...talk about Alien consciousness! I'm now plowing through his latest effort, "Whirlwind", which is about the Islamic revolution in Iran...

My schedule for late Spring/summer: MediaWest Con, Shore Leave, NolaCon and any other Creation Cons en route.

aAnd yes, Leslie Fish DID deck Jordan Kare at NorWesCon....I have it from the Fish's mouth. As to WHY...that's a long story, and it's not mine to tell...but there are dirty doings in Off-Centaur land. Be prepared for a major fannish hassle...of the litigious kind.



SING & DANCE

38th Stanza, APA-Filk #38 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / April 2, 1988

~~M~~uch to his surprise, not recalling an off-hand request at the Lunarians picnic, John Boardman was in charge of filksinging at Lunacon. Nor had facilities been arranged for in the concom's layout. Nevertheless, the filkers (including Harold Feld) staked out a corner and things seem to have worked out both nights.

Minifilks: With a writers' strike on, the Smothers Brothers did "Ghost Writers in Disguise" (backed by a chorus in Groucho glasses/noses/mustaches). // During Seder I was reminded of the person who sang "Di'ainu" as "Die, die, Agnew".

& ---- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #37 ---- &

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Rich Kolker's take-off on 1776 was retitled from "1986" to "1996" and partially updated (the Robinsons were moved to V'cower but Sturgeon was treated as still-living. And that's "Dr. P."). // The breakup of the Off-Centaur partnership (Jordin Kare, I'm told, is the only original partner with stock) was certainly big news. Meanwhile, smaller, newer production companies had a chance to catch up. // Re the Iguanodon, talk about the belly of the beast! // The holodeck seems to be taking the place of the Classic Trek Earth-parallel planets and time travel stories. A friend has compared Data to Big Bird ("Tell me about contractions, Captain"?). They missed their chance to send Wesley off to Star Fleet Academy (and write him out for good; Matthew, I applaud your sentiments). And they're killing off Yar at the end of the season.

MOJUS' PHIZ/Greg Baker: So, where's my contributor's copy of your Filk Book? (I'll probably be at Disclave.) // Iran already used up all the weapons Ollie North sold them against US ships? // Glad you also liked my line about yuppies' air-conditioned windows not opening. (Never heard the Earhart or FDR songs.)

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Nice collage. Then there's Gypsy's business card which says "Love songs to die for." // Your Hart verse is mildly out of place as everyone else is talking about percentages. Speaking of the candidates, the Fifth Amendment, a DC-area satirical group, has sung "Here's to you, Mr. Robertson, / Everyone knows Democrats don't pray, hey hey hey." (Better than the filk version that asks "Where have you gone, Barry Manilow?") Garry Trudeau has reminded us about Gore's music censor wife; Mark Russell's questioned his Southern roots ("Way down south in the land of cotton, / Gore said, What's cotton, I've forgotten, / Far away, far away, far away from Dixieland / ...No way that boy's from Dixie"). // One songbook blamed "Crash Space Jig" solely on Marc Glasser, which he is quick to deny. As fans get older, wealthier or involved in relationships, there is greater desire for privacy and less need for room-stuffing. // Not to mention your "Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic". Aren't there only 4 lines/stanza of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"? And Mary Lou's "SF Hodge-Podge" describes the scansion. // ct Covers 35 & 36> The Strugatskys would have been more at home in my Brighton. And the next ministry sex scandal was Jimmy Swaggart's. // Variations I've heard on "Volga Boatmen"/"Happy Birthday" are "Death, destruction and despair, / Rotting corpses everywhere, Happy Birthday (ugh!)" and "One year closer to death, Happy Birthday". // Re the apple muffins, Cuomo was presenting a simplified example of the political process to the schoolchildren. # "Happy Days Are Here Again" seems to have become the Democrats' anthem.

DOWN & OUT IN BOSTON & PRINCETON/Harold Feld: ?t me> Didn't I say that Vinnie was at Worldcon? // Watch out, that's how some of us concom-types began: programming was repetitious and/or we saw things not being done (like your kosher food) or being done wrong. And how can you gopher on Shabbos? // "Illegal Seafood" is a pun on Legal Seafood, a restaurant familiar to non-kosher-keeping attendees of Classic Boskones. // "Banned from Argo: The Next Generation" looks like the work of several hands. Some nice sentiments but revisions (of several lines and esp. the Chorus) and scansion repairs definitely called for. *mb*







## D. C. al Fine Op. 1

composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927  
UUCP: { decvax, uunet }!decuac!c3pe!stein CompuServe: 71131,2043

Welcome to the premiere issue of D. C. al Fine, an apazine devoted to the fine art of filksong and filkllore. Your amazingly unhumble correspondent is probably best-known as The Man With the Green Guitar (or Blue, or as Julia Ecklar swears, Teal, and yes there's a song about it). Some of you know me in person; some of you know my work; and of course some don't know me at all.

Why am I here? Well, after a full-time job as a Beltway Bandit (those wonderful people who make their living on Federal government consulting contracts), playing in the 'cello section of and acting as stage manager for the Arlington Symphony, serving on the board and as corresponding secretary of a social club, writing for MISHAP (an APA edited by Maia Cowan and "Lan" Laskowski), working on the DC in '92 Worldcon bid, rehearsing for the chorus of a musical put on by the (really!) Model Secondary School for the Deaf that Linda Melnick roped me into, working on a three-part arrangement of TJ's Dreamer's Lament, and working on a tax return the Marquis de Sade would not have inflicted on his worst enemy, I found that I had some free time between 3 and 4AM. Any incoherence in the writing should be blamed on that.

Thanks to the magic of word processing, portions of this 'zine may be brought to you by Life Among the Bureaucratoids, a newszine now entering its second year of continuous publication in the aforementioned MISHAP.

The purpose of this scribbling (when it has one) is to bring you the author's bull-headed opinions on filksongs, theory of filk writing, running filksings, conventions attended, and the State of the Universe in general. The reader is warned that the author is highly opinionated but mostly harmless. Criticism is meant to be constructive. Your mileage may vary.

This year, I swore to myself, I would finally make it to Bayfilk. Due to the uncertainty resulting from my company's loss of the competition for renewal of the consulting contract I was assigned to, I booked on Braniff, which has a very liberal change and cancellation policy. (You can change at no cost on two days' notice; you can even cancel and lose nothing as long as you rebook within a year. Only if you ask for a refund is there a penalty.) I decided to take a few days of vacation and see a few sights.

As it happened, no change of plans was necessary. I took a 7:25 AM flight on Thursday, arriving around noon Pacific time. Unlike Northwest Airlines, everything happened like clockwork. I took the van from San Francisco airport over to Oakland and checked into the airport Hyatt. On the way over, I finished a song I had written the first verse to a year ago. With Bayfilk staring me in the face, I decided I should have more than one new song to premiere (I planned to do Hive Dance, a duet based on the Ender's Game/Speaker For the Dead series, at the one-shot concert). Two more verses and I had a decent song.

Because I did not want to try to manage two guitars as well as a large suitcase and a carryon bag, I left the teal guitar at home. I spent the afternoon changing strings on my twelve-string and practicing for the one-shot.

The hotel was very nice. The restaurant, Ducks & Co., was not as overpriced as hotel restaurants usually are. The food was good and the level of service very high. The staff was friendly and helpful - maintenance even came to the room to let me borrow a pair of wire clippers to cut off the



dangling ends of the strings I changed. There was sufficient hot water for showers. (There were two other conventions there, and the hotel was sold out.) They were even nice enough to give me the convention rate for Thursday night!

The next morning, two friends from Michigan and I went to Golden Gate Park for the day. We saw the Academy of Science, the Japanese Tea Garden and the Arboretum. On the way there, we scouted out the hotel we were planning to move to after the convention. Right outside the Civic Center BART station was a farmers' market with produce and seafood at unbelievable prices - squid for .80/lb, e.g. Unfortunately the market was not operating on Monday and Tuesday.

The con was full of concerts plus some programming. Concert performers included Frank Hayes, Julia Ecklar, Duane Elms, Technical Difficulties, Kathy Mar, Mitchell Clapp, Cecilia Eng, Joey Shoji, Bill Roper, Leslie Fish, Murray Porath, Heather Alexander (with Matrix), Golden Bough - maybe I should just cut it short and say that the only major filkers I can think of who weren't there were Jordin Kare (due to the breakup of the Off-Centaur partnership), Bill Sutton and Clif Flynt. (One of these days Barb Riedel and Carol Poore will make it there and become major filkers. Ditto Tom Smith.) Technical Difficulties performed (with my permission) my parody of Peter Thiesen's *Wishful Thinking*. There were a number of wonderful performers I had never even heard of.

Taping was done by Off-Centaur. One thing that surprised me was that only the concerts were taped; the open filking afterwards was not. I think they risked losing some good stuff that way, although not as much as I had anticipated - the main open filk was the Leslie Fish show. I had seen one at the '86 Atlanta Worldcon and forgotten just how much I hated a West Coast bardic circle, where everyone can pick, pass or play. I prefer Midwestern chaosfilk, but if I were running a bardic I'd make it pass or play only, with requests being made to the performers for things to do on their turn only. I would say Leslie ended up singing about 75-80% of the songs, and it took a good two hours to make it around the circle. I was tempted to go in the other room, but I also wanted to hear more of Cecilia Eng, whom I had never met before, though I knew of her. (The people in the other room were mostly current or transplanted Midwesterners; I moved to the DC area from Michigan in April of '87.)

Unfortunately we ran into an attenuated version of the problem we had at the last Ohio Valley Filk Fest - the bar band that could be heard in the filk room. It wasn't nearly as bad but I still found it annoying. So did the jets taking off from the nearby airport. Why do these bands think they have to inflict damage on people's eardrums? I realize they want to be heard at the other end of the dance floor, but in the next county? Or do they think they're playing for the deaf and need to play so they can feel the beat to dance to?

Hive Dance, which I performed at the one-shot with Robin Nakkula singing the Hive Queen part, went over pretty well. I don't know if they'll want it for the tape or not; I did submit it for the Bayfilk songbook.

After two and a half days of singing, the con ended and a bunch of us went to Kathy Mar's house for further singing and schmoozing. Kathy is cutting a new tape with a studio in Los Angeles; some back-bedroom taping went on with Peter Thiesen and Technical Difficulties.

Monday my Michigan friends and I bummed around Fisherman's Wharf and Ghirardelli Square, taking a cable car over and back. Afterwards, we had dinner at a Chinese restaurant with Kathy Mar, Heather Rose Jones, Mary Ellen



Wessels and a number of others. We retired to Kathy's house again and watched a comedy tape - though I brought the guitar, no singing went on. Amazing!

A major disaster occurred on the return trip. Although I did not see any damage when I inspected the guitar at the baggage claim, on St. Patrick's day I went to a friend's place to play music. As I tuned it up for the first time since Bayfilk (I had completely relaxed the strings for the flight), I noticed that the strings were much too high. The neck had broken clean through parallel to the fingerboard and taken a couple of inches of the body on either side with it. I have talked to the Martin factory and they think they can fix it. However, I don't know if the tone and action will survive. It was insured, but if the guitar is a loss, I don't know if I can get the insurance company to replace it. I stole it for \$475 including the case, and how many 1965 Martin D20 twelve-strings are out there to be bought anyway?

Shameless Plug: Remember, filkfen: when considering 1992 Worldcon bids, please note that the DC in '92 committee has a filker on the bidcom, representing your interests! Vote early, and vote often!

But seriously, folks, at the risk of opening old battle wounds I'd like to elicit opinions on the running of large filks. One of my own ideas I raised above in the Bayfilk con report, and I'd like reactions. I hasten to add that despite my comments about Atlanta, I think Bill Sutton did a super job in '86. Fortunately he had the facilities to provide your choice of filk styles - bardic, chaos, or smaller side rooms for more intimate gatherings.

\* \* \* \* \*

## C O U N T E R P O I N T

Roberta Rogow - Hell, I think that Real Filkers should not only do an Old Time Religion verse without a script on demand, but it should be made up on the spot! (re Off Centaur) I have only heard Jordin's side (secondhand), and would like to hear the other. Myself, I am not on Jordin's side, but I am not on Teri's side either. I am on Off Centaur's side. I think it performs a valuable service to filkdom, and first and foremost I want it to survive, regardless of any feelings I may have about the individuals involved. (The author is opinionated, but usually keeps his opinions of people - other than public figures - to himself, preferring to comment on politics, events and literary/musical matters.) I don't think the asinine sniping can possibly be doing anything positive for the enterprise. I really think I've got some workable, utterly fair ideas for resolving at least one of the disputes - the division of assets - but I don't think my meddling by contacting the parties would be appreciated. (Solution: if there is a disagreement about the value of something - a piece of equipment, the master tapes, even an intangible like the rights to something - both sides would submit a bid. The higher bidder would get it after paying or pledging to the lower bidder half the average of the two bids. This is of necessity utterly fair since the low bidder gets more than half of what he/she thought was the value and the high bidder gets the item for less than half of what he/she thought it was worth. Neither side has an incentive to lie, since misvaluation hurts the person making the mistake. This scheme could be extended to more than two parties easily enough. The reason I am so concerned about this is that a mule-headed battle on the point could bring about a forced liquidation at auction which may bring in far less than what things are worth, hurting everyone and risking the health of Off-Centaur.) (re TV shows) In case you hadn't noticed, George R. R. Martin is on the team of



Beauty, which I think goes a long way towards explaining its quality. I really wish I had time to watch, but my TV viewing is almost nil. I gave up on *ST:TNG* though I hear they've finally stopped rehashing old plots, so I might check it out again. (re *A Ferengi Song*) Leftists claim that a capitalist economy needs war, but actually except for arms merchants the profits are in peace - war disrupts trade in consumer goods. For every Lockheed that profits from our military budget, there are a dozen small businesses that suffer, like construction firms that don't build needed housing because people have no money left after paying their huge tax bills. Don't get me wrong - I think there are nasty regimes out there that require us to have a military. I do think, however, that we can have it cheaper, and I also think that Europe and Japan should be defending themselves now. I disagree with Jesse Jackson on a lot of things, but I think he's partially correct in his diagnosis of our trade problems, though not in his proposed treatment.

Greg Baker - One of the reasons the vast majority of my own stuff is original music is that I don't know all these old songs. Like, f'rinstance, *Could You Please Oblige Us With a Bren Gun* and *The Ballad of Amelia Earhart*.

John Boardman - Idle curiosity caused me to add the percentages in *A Moral Victory*. Without assigning anything to Hard, Smee or Pew, the vote adds to 99.57%. The conclusion, if any, is left as an exercise to the reader. (re *Crash Space Jig*) You can do this in American hotels, but my understanding, which was somewhat confirmed by the behavior of the Metropole in Brighton, is that Europe is another matter. Those planning for *ConFiction* in '90 should take note. (re reading for the blind) I keep meaning to do this since I have a very clear yet fast delivery. Perhaps this will give me a push. (re Mary Lou Lacefield's songs) Try as I might, I can't get them even remotely close to scanning to the listed tunes. Extra syllables I can deal with, but TWO WHOLE EXTRA LINES in the verse of *Battle Hymn* and the chorus of *Both Sides Now*??? I've seen bad scansion and meter cramming before, but these would take the record by five orders of magnitude. (re hymnal revisions - or Bowdlerizations, if you like) I believe the Episcopalians are also dropping *Onward Christian Soldiers* because of its militarism. (re Cuomo) There was a critical article on Mario Cuomo not too long ago in, I believe, *Mother Jones*. I don't think he's as presidentiable as everyone else does. Hey, the apple muffin thing might just be NY's bid to retake the silliness title from California, which just had a battle over making the Banana Slug the official state mollusk.

Harold Feld - Now I know how Cliff Flynt feels about *Mama Rosa's*. Um, Harold, the "Star Wars Program" song is mine, not TJ's, though I have placed it in the public domain. She's usually very careful about attributions, so I don't know how you got the idea it was hers. Too many Pangalactic Gargleblasters? :-)  
BTW, the correct titles are *Wishful Thinking* (original) and *Wishful Thinking (A Few Years Later)* (sequel). *Technical Difficulties* performs them wonderfully. (Also, if we're thinking of the same song, I believe cranes are what are over Hiroshima.) As for *BFA:TNG*, well, I have a standing rule about silly songs - they should be short enough that you can sing them and the audience can listen to them while standing and nobody gets tired. *BFA:TNG* fails on this count, as does most of Claire Mayer's stuff that I've heard. Actually, the original also fails this test. Do you ever wonder why *Never Set the Cat On Fire* is always welcome at filks whereas *Banned From Argo*, while cute on first hearing, now incites a riot? It's because the former does not overstay its welcome. (Remember, you were warned that the author was opinionated.) (re ct Mark Blackman) Nolacon has problems responding to inquiries, period. I've got a bad feeling about this....



When I get my music-writing hardware and software (Real Soon Now), I'll start including sheet music. Below are the two new songs I did at Bayfilk.

Hive Dance (Words and Music Copyright 1988 by Michael P. Stein)

Ender

a e  
Can you forgive?  
a e  
I did not know.  
d E a  
Still I would have done the same.

d a  
Now I must speak in your name,  
d sus;d  
Speaker...

I will make them understand

I will make you live a-  
Gain  
To repay you I shall roam a-  
Cross the stars to worlds unknown.  
Seeker...

(Both) d a  
Taught to fight and taught to hate;  
d E a  
Learned to love, but much too late.  
d a  
Hailed as hero, damned as devil,  
d e a  
Exile then must be { my | your } fate.

There is nothing to forgive.

But my duty drives me  
On.  
For your sake I do not mind.  
I will wander 'til I find  
Home for you.

Here is your home

It will be hard

Still my task is not yet done.

Let our race and yours be one  
Forever.

Hive Queen

There is nothing to forgive.

G  
Nor did I; there was no  
Way.

d E a  
I do not hold you to blame.

Will you please speak in my name?

Speak for me...

Tell my tale

Bring me to life

Find for us a fertile home.

While we dream our dreams alone,  
Seek for me...

Can you forgive?

It must be hard.

Leaving loved ones years behind.

Bringing vision to the blind,  
Preacher...

It is all that I desire.

But there is no other  
Way.  
Truly it has just begun.  
Help your race and ours be one,  
Teacher...



Words and Music Copyright 1988 by Michael P. Stein

Zeus: Have you any regrets, you there, chained to the rock,  
Do you ever repent of your crime?  
Can you ever forget how you stood in the dock  
And were told you were doomed for all time?  
Now each day brings despair, it is always the same;  
Vultures greedily suck your entrails.  
But your children don't care; they've forgotten your name.  
Yet the race you gave fire to prevails.

Prometheus: It is true, I confess, there are days when the pain  
Makes me ask how much more I can bear.  
And how could I have guessed you could be so insane  
Over gifts that cost nothing to share?  
What delight you must feel as I suffer this hell -  
But your cruelty is known far and wide.  
Yet what do you reveal? Is it fear that I smell?  
Could it be that you've something to hide?

You who call yourselves gods on Olympian heights  
With disdain for all creatures below,  
Have you thought of the odds that they face in their fights  
'Gainst the leopard, the lightning, the snow?  
Yet what have you achieved to compare to this race  
Of bold dreamers who call themselves men?  
Who'd have ever believed that they'd venture to space?  
For their sake I would do it again!



Down and Out In Boston and Princeton #5

Harold Feld  
5 Hamlin Rd  
Newton Ctr  
Ma 02159

Harold Feld  
161 Little Hall  
Princeton U  
Princeton, NJ  
08544

Since I don't expect to be doing anything fannish between now and the next distie date, I will take the opportunity this brief break affords and write up DAO a month in advance. Hopefully I will remember to copy it before May.

**Comments Dept:**

\$ingSpiel/Mark Blackman-Raebnc  
Jersey Flats/Roberta Rogow- Good luck on your novel and other writing pursuits// What Jordan Kare-Teri Lee fracas? Nobody tells us neos anything!// re People Places and Things: Fantastic! I think this one is the best one of the four. Do you think you could do an all Darkover tape? Minor complaint: I think "Somebody's knockin's is better without the distracting background noise. Q: Mistake or deliberate bowdlerization changed 'whores' to 'girls' in BFA? They'll...This Time/Margaret Middleton- What is Harpings? Momus Phiz/Greg Baker- Will the third addition have all the songs, some of the songs, or none of the songs already in the second edition?  
Isoscan/Matthew Marcus- I wouldn't put too much faith in what the Writers Guide says about ST:TNG. The Guide also said that Data was made by: "An unknown alien race." But, in "Data/Lore", we find he was made by humans on a human colony.  
Anakreon/Boardman- "Moral Victory" remains depressingly accurate. BTW, "Moral Victory" scans to "Greensleaves".  
//Almost as bad as crashing with losers is the opposite problem: renting a room with 8 people committed to coming and only 3 people show up.//Why did this issue fail to show anything in the "current balance" blank?// "Science Fiction Hodgepodge" does not scan to 'Both Sides Now' as far as I can tell.// I heard several different verses to the "Mongol Birthday Song"// Cuomo is too smart to run for president and expose himself to the scrutiny of the press.

**Eratum:** At the Saturday night Filk at Lunacon (more on this later), Charles and I sang "BFA:TNG" to much applause. Afterwards, someone said we should do a verse about Troi. Apparently, when I typed the song in last time, I left out the Troi verse.

Insert after "Our Lady of Security":

Our Counselor is an empath and her jumpsuit fits just fine  
She has no rank or uniform or any decent lines  
She reads emotions well and she will smile or scream or moan  
That's good, because she doesn't have a feeling of her own







- **Con Reports Dept:** DSV1 turned out to be a lot more fun than I had thought it would be. I expected to be bored by an all media convention, to be snubbed by the stars, and to find no filkers. Boy was I wrong! The program and video schedules were excellent. All the stars: Terri Nation, Jan Chapell, Paul Darrow, Michael Keating, and the rest treated the assembled fen as equals. They engaged us in casual conversation of their own free will without the least trace of patronizing us. When Paul Darrow threw his back out, he insisted--over his wife's loud protests--on continuing with the programming as much as possible, all the while trying to hide his discomfort from concerned fans. (I knew how bad it was because I worked security and was told to keep people away from him and why.)

A number of filkers showed up, including a woman I had met at Worldcon but had never gotten her name. (Marianne if anybody's interested.) I organized the filk and got to run things, thank ghod I've watched Roberta over the years. However, only 5 people showed Friday night. The others crashed out in their rooms before the filk. Saturday night I got lots of commitments for people to show up after the art/charity auction. Unfortunately, the auction ran until 3 am. Still, the few who did show up had a good time.

**Lunacon:** I'm sure John is going to have something about this in Anakreon, but I'm going to give my point of view here. The Lunacon program book listed John Boardman in charge of Filking. John apparently found out about this when he showed at Lunacon and opened the program book. When queried, he refused to take responsibility for anything. Mark Blackman and Bob Lipton, who were running the newsletter, promised to let me know if anything turned up. Charles solved the problem Friday night by sitting in the hall and playing guitar. This attracted a large number of us, who continued to sing until 4 am even after Charles and his guitar went off to play bridge.

Saturday Charles and I agreed to take over the Ballroom after the Masquerade. Unfortunately, I missed the masquerade because of Double Exposure (Vinnie's RFB). At midnight I stopped by the Ballroom and the judges still hadn't named a winner. While Charles ran off to find a free function room, I convinced Roberta that she had a nobles oblige to come to the filk. (Friday I had made a number of statements to neos like: Tomorrow night will be a lot better. For one thing Roberta will be here...) Roberta promised she would come and do a few things after the judging. Meanwhile, Charles found a free room and we tramped up to the second floor. Things started at about 12:45 or so. About 1/2 hour later, Roberta walked in. She agreed to stay and do a few things and that would be that. After a while, someone requested the "Fannish Orchestra." Half an hour of training produced a twenty voice version of "Fannish Orchestra" that actually sounded good! And we got it on tape! Roberta left after that. I stayed on until 4 am, then left while the filk was still going strong. (This should give people an idea of how







tired I was after midterm week.)

Double Exposure was wonderful fun, despite technical difficulties. I tied for first in role playing on the first ballot, but lost the run off. I hitched a ride home with a fellow player, then spent 2 days recovering from exhaustion and Post-convention Crud.

**New Filk Dept:** This one came to me after a few of Vinnie's marvellous pan-galactic gargleblasters.

Title: Toast with Unknown Cocktails by Harold Feld  
Tune: Toast to Unknown Heroes by Leslie Fish

A man is puking on the floor w/his eyes turned up towards  
space  
His nausea and his misery reflected on his face.  
He clutches at his belly as it spasms once in pain  
And Swears he'll never drink a mess like that again

Chorus:

Drop by drop the vicious drink must be mixed, must be mixed.  
Many drinks of different sorts make me sick, make me sick.  
Take them together yes I will, even though it makes me ill.  
Many hours I'll stand like this, oop ack ick, oop ack ick.

Never toast with an unknown liquor, if you want to keep your  
lunch  
It will only make you sicker if you drink them in a bunch  
With all these unknown cocktails, I warn don't fool around  
Or the walls will start to spin and you will rush to hit the  
ground

Chorus

This one I wrote at Lunacon in response to the nth repetition  
of "Little Fuzzy Animals."

Title: Stupid Giant Animals by Harold Feld  
Tune: Little Fuzzy Animals by Frank Hayes

When the humans came to Bailey's, we knew what we would see  
A giant stupid animal that tasted quite tasty  
So we groomed our fur so frizzy and we hid inside the mud  
When the humans came to pet us then we drank their blood.

Stupid giant animals x3 we drank their blood

The Dragon flies all helped them, cause they love to scout  
ahead  
But the humans kept on petting us and ending up quite dead  
If you sit still with big round eyes and give a charming purr  
Then a stupid giant animal you'll catch for sure

Stupid giant animal x3 you'll catch for sure







When the Sun has set on Bailey's towards our dinner choice we  
creep

The music of the jungle beasts has lulled them all to sleep  
Though for now we may be sated we will of course be back  
again

'Cause those stupid giant animals have tasty brains

Stupid giant animals x3 have tasty brains

So when we hunt on Bailey's we ignore the native beasts  
On the giant tasty newcomers we love to make our feasts  
With these stupid giant animals we know just what to do  
Look cute and the stupid buggers will come right to you

Those stupid giant animals x3 come right to you!

A random one from DSV1, for any B7 fans out there.

Title: Underdog by Harold Feld

Tune: Underdog theme song

The Federation's nasty creed  
Lets them massacre and feed  
The darkest recesses of greed  
To right these wrongs with blinding speed  
Comes Rebel Blake (Avon too)  
Ship of lightning voice like thunder  
Death to all who rob, or plunder  
Rebel Blake. Rebel Blake!

"I could be on my deathbed and I would STILL plug my tape!"

-R Rogow 3/12/88





# ANAKREON

#38, APA-Filk Mailing #38

1 May 1988

## DUET FOR NEW VOICES

Since the last Mailing was published, we have become grandparents for the third and fourth time. First to come upon the scene, on Friday 18 March 1988, was Michael Perez, son of our younger daughter Deirdre and her husband Christopher Perez. Michael was born at Beth Israel Hospital in Manhattan, where his father is a security guard. Michael has an older brother, Anthony, who will be 4 in June. This growing family has outgrown the third floor of our house, and they now have a place of their own.

Following his cousin by three weeks was Dean Earl Wright IV, son of our elder daughter Karina and her husband Dean Earl Wright III. He is also a second child, with a sister Diana who is 17 months old. They live in Frederick, Maryland, where Dean III does mysterious things with computers. Each baby came in at 3½ kilograms.

## NEW BOOKS, TOO

Publishing in the filksong field seems to be reaching new heights. Of vital importance for every filker's library is Filk Index, Vol. I by Sourdough Jackson, 31 Rangeview Dr., Lakewood, Colo. 80215. (It is published by Other Worlds Books, P. O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, N. J. 07410, but the price is nowhere stated.) Filksongs are listed by title and by author, each time with reference also to the original tune. While book and tape collections are listed, filk apas are not. If you have so large a library of filk that you don't know where to locate anything, this book is a useful index to it. If you don't, this book can tell you what books you'd want to buy. The only problem are some minor misspellings; Marc Glasser also appears as "Glaser" and "Glazer". However, Jackson has asked for corrections, and we can confidently expect that they will be made in future editions.

Lee Gold, 3965 Alla Rd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90066 has brought out a second volume of FilkerUp. It is \$2.00 plus 70¢ postage - but this was announced before the increase in postal rates took effect, so you'd better send \$1 instead. Though in my opinion it's not as good as FilkerUp #1 (still available for the same price) it has such rousers as Filthy Pierre's "The Motie Engineers", Lee Gold's high-tech additions to Ted Johnstone's "Turning the Crank on the Mimeo", Lee's and Barry's version of "Mama Don' 'Low" overdone filksongs, and Charlie Luce's two classic D&D filksongs, "You Don't Mess Around with Jim" and "You're Always Welcome in Our World".

Just in time to round off the first Star Trek came Roberta Rogow's Sing a Song of Trekkin', which is \$5 from Joe Goldfeder Music Enterprises, P. O. Box 660, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563. This is a new edition, printed rather than mimeographed, and with a lively cover by Gordon Carleton, showing the original Enterprise crew whooping it up around the rec room piano. It includes "Trekkety Trekkety Tim" (properly entitled "The Doleful Ballad"), "Drunken Vulcan", and of course "The Captain is the Man Who Gets Them All." (Why do I have this feeling that Rhysling would rather have shipped out on the Enterprise than in any of the vessels where Heinlein put him?)

The first edition of Philly Philk Phlash is dated July 1987 and is \$2 by mail from Carol E. Kabakjian, Apt. 3, 17 Lewis Ave., East Lansdowne, Penn. 19050. An introduction lists the various styles of filking, a matter that has come under considerable

(continued on p. 12)



## YESTERFILK

## XVI. Eskimo Nell

Most science-fiction readers first encountered this old British bawdy ballad in The Incomplete Enchanter by L. Sprague De Camp and Fletcher Pratt, which first appeared in print as "The Mathematics of Magic" in the August 1940 issue of Unknown. The heroes, in company with a huntress, encounter the Blatant Beast in the forests of the universe of Sir Edmund Spenser's Faerie Queen. (For further information about this creature, also called the Beast Galtisant, I refer you to Phyllis Ann Karr's magnificently detailed The King Arthur Companion, now published by Chaosium, P. O. Box 6302, Albany, Calif. 94706-0302.) The beast will not let them go unless they give it an epic poem that it has never heard before. Harold Shea, the hero of several books by these authors, finally comes up with "The Ballad of Eskimo Nell" and recites the whole thing, staggering the Blatant Beast and raising all kinds of questions from the huntress. (These, presumably, were answered by Shea after he courted and married her.)

Under the conditions of 1940, of course, very little of "Eskimo Nell" could be printed, and things were not much better in later editions. (I am using the one that came out from Pyramid Books in 1960.) However, the full text of this epic may be found in Count Palmiro Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads, compiled by the English poet Christopher Logue under the "Vicarion" pseudonym, and published in 1956 by Maurice Girodias' Olympia Press in Paris. (The flyleaf reads: "Printed in France (of course)") I smuggled a copy into this country in 1959. I know no tune for it, though Logue says of all the poems in this collection: "Many tunes exist, but the common 4/4 ballad rhythm will usually do. And besides, I have come to feel that the dirty song tune is almost instinctive."

As befits a scholar, I have annotated this song. The portions quoted by De Camp and Pratt, with minor variations, are cited.

1. When a man grows old and his balls grow cold and the end of his nob turns blue,  
When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell a yarn or two.

2. So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a tale to you I'll tell,  
Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

3. Now when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete go forth in search of fun,  
It's usually Dick who wields the prick and Mexico Pete the gun.

4. And when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete are sore, depressed and mad,  
'Tis a cunt that generally bears the brunt - so the shootin' ain't too bad.

5. Now Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete had been hunting in Dead Man's Creek,  
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for nigh on half a week.

6. Just a moose or two or a caribou and a bison-cow or so,  
And for Dead-Eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mighty slow.

1 - The spelling "nob" is one of several indications that, despite its North American setting, this ballad is of British origin.

2 - There really was a "Dead-Eye Dick" in the old west. He was a cowboy, usually on the side of the law - and black. This is not mentioned in the ballad.

3 - The Incomplete Enchanter renders the then printable part of this verse as  
"When Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Set forth in search of fun,  
'Twas Deadeye Dick who..."

5 - There's another evidence of British authorship here. Most, though not all, Americans pronounce 'creek' to rhyme with 'prick'.



7. So do or dare this horny pair set out for the Rio Grande,  
Dead-Eye Dick with his muscular prick and Pete with his gun in hand.
8. They blazed a randy trail and no man in their path withstood,  
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnant widowhood.
9. They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon,  
And to slake their thirst and do their worst they sought Black Mike's saloon.
10. As the swing doors opened wide, both prick and gun flashed free,  
"Accordin' to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me!"
11. Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-Eye Dick from the Horn to Panama,  
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.
12. The women too knew his playful ways down on the Rio Grande,  
And forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-Eye Dick's command.
13. They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete twitch on the trigger grip,  
'Twas death to wait - at a fearful rate those whores began to strip.
14. Now Dead-Eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts,  
As forty arses were bared to view to say nothing of forthy cunts!
15. Now forty arses and forty cunts you'll see if you use your wits,  
And rattle a bit at arithmetic - that's likewise eighty tits.
16. And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand,  
They may be rare in Berkeley Square, but not on the Rio Grande.
17. Our Dead-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run,  
He made a dart at the nearest tart and scored a hole in one.
18. He bore her to the sandy floor and fucked her deep and fine,  
And though she grinned it put the wind up the other thirty-nine.
19. Our Dead-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, and flinging the first aside,  
He was making a gin at the second quim when the swing doors opened wide.
- 9 - De Camp and Pratt render this as  
"They hit the strand of the Rio Grande.  
At the top of a burning noon,  
And to slake their thirst and do their worst  
They sought Black Mike's saloon." Olympia has "fo'" where "do" ought to be.
- 11 - Again, only an Englishman, most likely from the south of the country, would  
rhyme "Panama" with "bar".
- 14 - De Camp and Pratt have:  
"Soon Deadeye Dick was breathing quick  
With lecherous snorts and grunts..."  
The late Randall Garrett used to quote a line that went:  
"He laid it down upon the bar,  
And stranger, it stretched from hyar to thar."  
For all I know, there is a second version of "Eskimo Nell" out there somewhere.
- 15 - "Rattle a bit" is another Britishism unknown on this side of the Atlantic. The  
image is of a brain rattling along with a difficult calculation.
- 16 - This is of course pronounced "Barkley Square", and the final "e" on "Rio Grande"  
is silent throughout.
- 17 - The Olympia text has "bull" where "hole" is obviously intended.

20. And into that hall of sin and vice - into that harlot's hell  
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.

21. Our Dead-Eye Dick who fucks 'em quick was well in No. 22,  
When Eskimo Nell lets out a yell and says to him, "Hey - you."

22. The hefty lout he turned about, both nob and face were red,  
With a single flick of his mighty prick the tart flew o'er his head.

23. But Eskimo Nell she stood it well and looked him in the eyes,  
With the utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.

24. She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming nob,  
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete he forgot to do his job.

25. It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in accents calm and cool,  
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp, do you call that thing a tool?"

26. "If this here town can't take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores -  
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt - it's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

27. She shed her garments one by one with an air of conscious pride,  
Till at last she stood in her womanhood, and they saw the great divide.

28. She laid right down on the table top where someone had left a glass,  
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of her arse!

29. She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart;  
With a final nod to the randy sod she gave him the cue to start.

30. But Dead-Eye Dick with his King of a prick prepared to take his time,  
For a girl like this was a fucking bliss - so he staged a pantomime.

31. He winked his arsehole in and out, and made his balls inflate,  
Until they looked like granite knobs on top of a garden gate.

32. He rubbed his foreskin up and down - his nob increased in size,  
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.

33. He polished the rod with Rum and gob to make it steaming hot,  
And to finish the job he sprinkled the nob with a cayenne pepper pot.

34. He didn't back to take a run, nor yet a flying leap;  
But bent right down and came alongside with a steady forward creep.

20 - De Camp and Pratt have:

"Then entered into that hall of sin  
Into that Harlot's Hell,  
A lusty maid who was never afraid:  
Her name was Eskimo Nell..."

24 - At the time this was written, the fact that Eskimo Nell smoked was nearly as big  
a shocker as was her sexual activity

28 - Apparently the British do not pronounce "arse" to rhyme with "farce".

29 - "Sod" is another Britishism, frequently applied (though not here) to gay men.

30 - "Pantomime" is yet another British usage; we would say "vaudeville". "King" is  
capitalized, as "Rum" is in verse 33. Olypmia's Parisian editions were almost  
certainly not set in type by speakers of English.



35. Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool,  
And shoved his lust with a dexterous thrust - firm, calculating and cool.

36. Have you seen the massive pistons on the giant C. P. R.?  
With a punishing force of a thousand horses - you know what pistons are.

37. Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe-inspiring trick,  
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-Eye Dick.

38. But Eskimo Nell was an Infidel - she equalled a whole harem,  
With the strength of ten in her abdomen and her rock of ages beam.

39. Amidships she could stand the rush like the flush of a water closet,  
So she grasped his cock like a Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.

40. She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener,  
Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

41. She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance  
The primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.

42. She calmly rode through the phallic code which for years had stood the test,  
And the ancient laws of the Classic school in a moment or two went west.

43. And now my friend we draw to the end of this copulating epic,  
The effect on Lick was sudden and quick and akin to an anaesthetic.

44. He slipped to the floor and he knew no more - his passions extinct and dead -  
He didn't shout as his tool came out; it was stripped down to a thread.

45. Mexico Pete, he sprang to his feet, to avenge his pal's affront,  
With a fearful jolt he drew his Colt and rammed it up her cunt.

46. He shoved it up to the trigger grip and fired three times three,  
But to his surprise she rolled her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.

47. She leaped to her feet with a smile so sweet: "Bully," she said, "for you  
Though I might have guessed it's about the best you phoney lechers do.

48. When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,  
Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick, and get yourself a bun.

36 - "C. P. R." is Canadian Pacific Railway.. I am disinclined to accept, for this  
reason alone, a Canadian origin for this ballad. The C. P. R., incorporated in  
1881, was long a favorite "high-tech" stock on the London market.

38 - Here, of course, we have the British pronunciation "hareem".

40 - The vacuum cleaner was invented late in the 19th century, which may or may not be  
a help in dating this ballad.

47 - The term "phoney" was originally the Irish word *fáinne*, a finger-ring. In 1781,  
as "fawney", it is recorded as part of a con game involving the substitution of  
a cheap ring for a valuable one. The Irish probably brought the word to America  
in the 19th century, but according to Eric Partridge it was little known outside  
of North America until the disinclination of the French to fight the Germans in  
1939 was called "the phoney war" by American journalists. However, it might have  
earlier become familiar to British readers as an Americanism deliberately intro-  
duced for local atmosphere in cheap western novels.

48 - Could Nell here be hinting at a suppressed homosexual relationship between these  
two comrades in arms?

49. I'm going back to the frozen North, to the land where spunk is Spunk,  
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream - but a solid frozen chunk.
50. Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate,  
Where even the dead slêep two in a bed and the infants copulate.
51. Back to the land of the mighty stand, where the nights are six months long,  
Where the polar bear whanks off in his lair - that's where they'll sing this song."
52. They'll tell this tale on the Artic trail where the nights are sixty below,  
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold wrapped in a ball of snow.
53. In the valley of death with baited breath it's there we sing it too,  
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, and the mouldering corpses screw!

After Shea has completed this epic and the Blatant Beast has lumbered off, the maiden huntress comments: "That poem - half the words I understood not, though meseems 'twas about a battle betwixt a warrior maid and a recreant knight." "You might put it that way," Shea replies.

- 49 - Capitalization is as in Logue's text. "Spunk" originally meant a dried fungus used to start a fire, but was transmuted to meaning semen in England, and the masculine courage that allegedly arises from it in America.
- 51 - "Whanks off" is another Briticism; an American would say "jacks off" or "jerks off". The quotation mark at the end closes the quote begun in verse 47.
- 52 - "Artic" is spelled this way by Girodias' typesetters. "French letters" is a mainly British usage, though not unknown in North America. It refers to Col. Condom's handy invention.

#### THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk will be sent to anyone who sends in postage and packing money for it. Several people have done so, and the states of their accounts are listed below, as of 7 April 1988. Postage rates are up, and the envelopes are now 25¢ each, so APA-Filk members should keep this in mind. The copy count of APA-Filk remains 60; back issues are available continuously from #30, with a few earlier ones also still available. The deadline for the 39th Mailing is Monday 1 August 1988, and for the 40th Mailing, Tuesday 1 November 1988. Balances are:

Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Deirdre & Jim	
Greg Baker	\$8.09	Rittenhouse	\$3.75
Harold Groot	\$12.23	Michael Rubin	\$4.58
Mistie M. Joyce	\$7.96	Kathy Sands	\$5.28
Jordin T. Kare	95¢	Pete Seeger	\$11.65
Cheryl Lloyd	\$15.92	Nick Simichich	\$2.21
J. Spencer Love	\$13.82	Glenn Simser	\$12.42
Lois B. Mangan	\$12.39	Karen Shaub	\$3.87
Matthew Marcus	\$12.57	Beverly Slayton	\$21.79
Margaret Middleton	51¢	Peter Thiesen	\$7.12
Doreen C. Miller	\$13.89	Sol Weber	\$1.64
		Paul Willett	\$1.37

Harold Feld, Bob Lipton, Lana Raymond, and Jane T. Sibley get APA-Filk on the same account as APA-Q, an amateur press association for science-fiction fans. Paul Willett's copies of the last two APA-Filk Mailings have come back in the mail, with the indica-



## 'S WONDERFUL

review by David E. Schwartz

## OF THEE I SING / LET 'EM EAT CAKE

by George Gershwin, lyrics by Ira Gershwin  
 Books by George S. Kaufman & Morrie Ryskind  
 CBS Records (2-record set) (1987)

Although it is rare that this publication reviews records, this record set is definitely worth a good look from connoisseurs of political satire, musical comedy, operetta, George Gershwin, and/or those who just want an intelligent comedy.

This recording, incidentally, is quite recent, being based on the very successful 1987 concert performances of both shows at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by the same casts. However, the two musicals were composed in the early 1930s. One, Of Thee I Sing (1931), was a Broadway success and won the Pulitzer Prize for drama. The other, Let 'Em Eat Cake (1933), was a flop in its day, despite brilliant music and sharp satire. However, the basic idea behind both shows was the same: to create modernized (1930s) versions of Gilbert & Sullivan operettas with integrated plots and music. Due to the genius of all four of the collaborators, they largely succeeded in their endeavors.

The story of Of Thee I Sing tells of John P. Wintergreen, the bachelor presidential candidate of the "National Party" - which is quite obviously the Democrats, since its Committee included members named "Louis Lippman" and "Robert E. Lyons". Wintergreen, as portrayed herein, bears a distinct resemblance to the late Jimmy Walker. In any event, to spark interest in a dull campaign, the Committee decides to run Wintergreen on a platform based on Love. To further this, they arrange a beauty pageant, with the prize being marriage to Wintergreen (and the First Ladyship).

Unfortunately, just as the Committee has chosen "the most beautiful blossom in all the Southland", one Diana Devereaux, as the winner, Wintergreen announces that he is in love with someone not even in the contest. His new fiancée is a plain girl named Mary Turner ("John and Mary", get it?), whose greatest asset is her ability to bake corn muffins. One taste of them and the Committee concurs, leaving Diana threatening breach of promise suits. (Shades of Trial by Jury!)

Needless to say, "Love is Sweeping the Country" and Wintergreen is elected, together with his utterly insignificant running mate, Alexander Throttlebottom. (Throttlebottom is at first reluctant to take on the Vice Presidency, fearing his mother will hear of it.) The Supreme Court then performs a simultaneous, and intertwined, marriage and inauguration. Like Katisha, Diana Devereaux shows up uninvited, but when she asks, "which is more important, corn muffins or justice?" the Supreme Court unhesitatingly chooses corn muffins. (Things have not changed utterly.)

Act II opens in the White House a few months later. Wintergreen has done almost nothing as President but take 17 vacations since his inauguration. In a duet with Mary, they declare their total insouciance as to the issues of the day:

"Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers,  
 Long as you've got a kiss that conquers?"

But trouble is not long in coming. Nemesis arrives in the person of the French Ambassador, accompanied by an entourage spouting French gibberish. He demands justice for Miss Devereaux, since she has turned out to be "the illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate son of an illegitimate nephew of Napoleon," and France will therefore support her claims. (Ira Gershwin actually found a rhyme for "Napoleon".) The National Party, now scared of a possible war, demands Wintergreen marry Diana. He refuses, and is impeached by the Senate. Things are saved by Mary who, in the middle of the impeachment vote, declares she is pregnant. Since the United States has never impeached an expectant father, the proceedings are quashed by acclamation or, as Throttlebottom



says in relief, "Now you can go back to being President and I can go back to Vice." This seems here to be Throttlebottom's frantic quest for a library card - he can't get one because he can't find two people willing to admit to knowing him.

The child - or children, as it turns out to be twins - are duly born after the Supreme Court decides their sex. The problem of Miss Devereaux is solved in a stunningly Gilbertian manner when it is decided that "when the President of the United States is unable to fulfill his duties, the Vice President assumes them", and so Throttlebottom gets Diana - the first practical use ever found, then or now, for a Vice President.

Let 'Em Eat Cake, a sequel made two years later, is in a much darker vein than Of Thee I Sing. It has been suggested that one reason for its failure was that, like the Marx Brothers' Duck Soup the same year, it hit too close to home for Thirties audiences in its political satire.

At its start, Wintergreen is defeated in his re-election bid, so he sets up shop (with Mary, Throttlebottom, and the Committee) in Union Square, New York City, making and selling blue shirts. Outside, in Union Square, political agitators of every stripe abound. (In the original production, they carried signs such as "Down with Bimetallism", "Shultz' Restaurant is Unfair to Union Labor", "Union Labor is Unfair to Shultz' Restaurant", and a sign in the Yiddish language and alphabet declaring Chinese workers' international labor solidarity.) One of the agitators, Kruger, engages in a spirited denunciation of all and sundry. ("Happiness Will Fill Our Cup / When It's Down With Ev-rything That's Up!") From him, Wintergreen gets the idea of a revolution to get back into power. After all, if Italy can have Blackshirts and Germany can have Brownshirts, America can have Blueshirts".

The Revolution now goes into high gear. Mary gets the support of social-climbing women by enlisting them in the "New D. A. R." Wintergreen gets the support of the Army's commander, General Snookfield, by co-opting, of all people, the Union League Club, to which Snookfield belongs. The Union League Club is so out of it that, to them, "revolution" means 1776 & All That.

A march on Washington follows. Unfortunately, Snookfield has gone off to a party and can't be found. The Army now asks "What is there in it for us?" and, in the style of the Roman Emperors, Wintergreen and the sitting President, John P. Tweedledee, bid for their support. The stingy Tweedledee only offers a dollar a day ("which I may not pay"), but Wintergreen offers them the War Debts - if he can collect them. The Army rises to this bait and Wintergreen declares a "dictatorship of the proletariat" and that he will now deliver on Marie Antoinette's promise by giving the people cake in place of bread.

In Act II the newly-installed revolutionaries paint the White House blue while Wintergreen, in his new uniform as dictator, struts around as they fawn on him and he shows off his new power. (In the original production, the uniform had strong Mussolinian overtones.)

There still remains the problem of the war debts. Of the ten members of the League of Nations, only Finland is willing to pay. After some haggling, Wintergreen offers a deal - a baseball game with the nine League members versus the Supreme Court - double or nothing for the war debts.

The "Supreme Ballplayers" now come on with their team cheer, ready for the game. ("The whole truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth! Hear ye! Hear ye! Status quo, status quo, rah rah rah! Habeas corpus, sis boom bah!") Unfortunately, Throttlebottom, as umpire, flubs it on a disputed call. On the basis of this, the agitator Kruger gets both him and Wintergreen tried for treason and sentenced to death.

Things by now are pretty grim, and the next scene can only be called what the Germans describe as Galgenhumor. At the execution ground, Kruger is offering half-price seats for the condemned men's families, while General Snookfield, as executioner, is getting \$100 per head. But just as Throttlebottom is to be chopped (saying, plaintively, "would you please tell my newsdealer not to deliver any more papers?") Mary arrives to save the day by staging a fashion show of the latest Paris styles. (They came over on the same ship as the guillotine.) Since the women of America can only wear blue under Kruger's dictatorship, they persuade the Army to depose Kruger.



The republic is restored but, as neither Wintergreen nor Tweedledee is willing to get back into the hot seat, the presidency goes to Throttlebottom. Finale Ultimo.

These bare-bones synopses cannot give any but the merest idea of the richness of the words and music of these words. The songs range from the romantic "Mine" to the Gilbertian entrance of the Supreme Court:

"We're the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 Supreme Court Judges;  
As the Super-Solomons of this great nation  
We will supervise today's inauguration  
And superintend the wedding celebration  
In a manner official  
And judicial;  
We have powers that are positively regal,  
Only we can take the law and make it legal;  
We're the A. K.'s who give the O. K.'s -  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 Supreme Court Judges!"

The music is Gershwin at his snappiest, and, in Let 'Em Eat Cake, his most inventive and technically complex. As just one example, the execution scene mock-lament, "Hanging Throttlebottom in the Morning" looks backward to the jazz age of the 1920s, and forward to the harmonic richness of Porgy and Bess.

The words of the lyrics and book are sharp, funny, and apt. They also contain surprises. As Wintergreen is being impeached in Of Thee I Sing, Throttlebottom says, "Mr. President, won't you please sit down while we're kicking you out?" This is a line seemingly more appropriate for the Marx Brothers - which is not so surprising when one remembers that Kaufman and Ryskind wrote Coconuts and Animal Crackers. Sam Harris and the Marxes planned to do a movie of Of Thee I Sing after Duck Soup flopped. (It never came off due to various complications.)

And the satire is still sharp today - perhaps more so than in the intervening 50-odd years. After all, one can still find relevance in do-nothing, gladhanding, vacationing Presidents, in nonentity Vice Presidents who become President (though we'll have to wait until November to be sure), and in debt crises, subversive military officers, domineering First Ladies, impeachment, and the shenanigans of the Supreme Court, not to mention sexual scandals surrounding presidential candidates. (Are Gary Hart and Donna Rice any less fantastic than John P. Wintergreen and Diana Devereaux?) And, interestingly, below the surface the shows do have a rather modern lookout. After all, Mary, the female lead, is no cringing little ingenue. She is a determined woman, the brains behind her husband, who almost always saves the day when her husband and his cronies flub it.

The cast of the album is pretty good, too. Mary is played by Maureen McGovern, who shows an unexpected talent for comedy. Wintergreen is played by Larry Kert, a major player of Gershwiniana, and Throttlebottom by the inimitable Jack Gilford, whose previous credits include Hysterium in A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum and Frosch in Die Fledermaus. Among the minor parts, Jack Dabdoub as the French Ambassador and General Snookfield, and David Garrison as Kruger are particularly outstanding. The conductor, Michael Tilson Thomas, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's do a good job, though the sound comes across thinly on record. Only the New York Choral Artists, as the choruses, are a bit disappointing, as their pronunciation is not always clear. (I understand it comes across better on compact disk.)

Finally, although I urge you to purchase the record, be advised that although some outlets are selling it for about \$20, Tower Records has it for \$10. (Or at least they did when last I looked. If they raised their prices, don't blame me.) Get it and enjoy!

\*

This review appears both in ANAKREON #38, my filksinging fanzine in the 38th Mailing of the amateur press association APA-Filk, and in GRAUSTARK #550, the 25th Anniversary Issue of my war-gaming fanzine.



## THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE (continued from p. 6)

tion that he left no forwarding address. If anyone has a current address for him, please let me know.

In the space to the left is the present state of your APA-Filk postage and printing account, including any money you've sent in since 7 April, and the costs for this present Mailing, printing included. (If you do not have your own printing facilities, I can either get your contribution photoduplicated at prevailing local rates, or I can print any mimeograph stencils that can fit on a Gestetner, at 2¢ per sheet per copy.) If your account falls into arrears, it will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Randall McDougall	-65¢
Sally & Barry		Dena Mussaf	-87¢
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Mike Stein	-74¢
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Lesley Lyons	-49¢		

## GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published on the first days of February, May, August, and November, by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association for the enjoyment of filksinging, which is published at this same address and frequency. The copy count for APA-Filk is 60; for information on how to get APA-Filk see "The Ministry of Finance" on p. 6. In addition to members of APA-Filk, ANAKREON goes to all the people who get my science-fiction fanzine DAGON and to a few other people who have asked for it.

Singspiel #37 (Blackman): There may be a filk version of "Mama Don't 'Low" by Nate Bucklin, but I first heard it on one of those morning cartoon shows when Karina was a little girl. It was played on one of the old-fashioned black-and-white cartoons that they used to run. This was what I had in mind when I filked it in ANAKREON #17.

The presidential campaign of Tipper Gore's husband is, fortunately, trickling down the drain, and may even be ended by the time this issue gets to its readers. He came in as a poor third in the southern "Super Tuesday" he was supposed to win, and has got scarcely a delegate outside the south since. Whatever the next four years has in store for us, they will not include the First Lady sitting in the White House, censoring the lyrics of rock music.

Jersey Flats #14 (Rogow): I am not surprised that Jerry Pournelle refused even to let his name be used in a satire about "Free Expression in Science Fiction Writing". I have long been of the opinion that conservatives have a very weak commitment towards democracy. If a majority will vote their ideas into law, fine; if not, so much the worse for the majority. Ever since The Mote in God's Eye was published it has been obvious that Pournelle considers the ideal government to be an imperial military dictatorship. R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. is on record as believing that President Reagan should dismiss Congress with the Army, and rule by decree, if his budget is not approved. Examples could be multiplied all over the right side of American politics.

This is

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves

Dinosaur filk goes back a long way. See the examples of verse quoted by L. Sprague and Catherine De Camp in their The Day of the Dinosaur. Sprague has also made dinosaurs the subjects of some verses of his own, many of them collected in his Phantoms and Fancies.

I have at last heard that there are some fans of Star Trek: The Next Generation who like Wesley Crusher. They're all 14-year-old girls.

# 1491



I quite agree with you about the Ferengi being "the right villains for the '80s". Someone has called them "Ivan Boeskys of space". The Klingons, like practically all the s-f villains of the '50s and '60s, are a projection out into space of an imaginary Soviet Union of Cold War fantasies. (Poul Anderson went so far as to have his Merseians, in the "Dominic Flandry" stories, call themselves "the Great Society". Later, he changed this to "the Final Society". It was a tightly regimented society vigorously expanding against an old and decadent human empire.)

Now that most nations realize that prosperity is to be sought through marketing their consumer goods all over the world, the Ferengi make more believable villains than the Klingons of 20 years ago. It could get particularly applicable if, as I believe, Mikhail Gorbachev wants to put the Soviet economy into competition with Telefunken and Nissan rather than with the Pentagon.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time (Middleton): I can easily believe that SCAdian herds see peculiar beasts when they get drunk. I once knew one who saw a Great Red Bear coming to eat up the whole world. Furthermore, unlike the usual D. T. case with snakes, he insisted that everyone else should see his monsters too.

The preferred monster in the East Kingdom was the heraldic tygre - a beast far removed from the actual Bengal or Siberian tiger, and represented with tufted limbs and a beard. I once wrote a "Vilanelle for a Herald" - my only effort at this rigorous and intricate verse form - about a herald so ignorant as to wonder why a heraldic tygre didn't have stripes.

Momus' Phiz #1 (Baker): I know where the title of this 'zine comes from - any guesses as to how many others do?

Home-made lullabies and other songs for babies are much better than the store-bought ones. Robert Graves once wrote about a parody of a Salvation Army hymn, which he learned in the trenches in World War I, eventually sang to his daughter while bathing her, and which she later sung to her children in distant New Zealand. By now I would guess that they are singing it to their children. And of course the routine in "Mean Old Daddy" is familiar to every parent. As Jackie grows older, you can add more verses to the additional situations in which this sentiment is likely to arise.

"We Have Got the Great Depression Back Again" - the New York Times has already referred to New York's liberal Democratic Governor as "Franklin Delano Cuomo".

Isoscan #5 (Marcus): You were several copies short of the required count of 60 with this one. I'll get the needed copies photostatted locally and debit your postage account.

"What shall we do with a teen-age Ensign" got a lot of favorable comment here.

Considering the futzing around that the U. S. government is doing with research in mere superconductivity, "Fusion Pollies" makes a lot of sense. The senile actor is trying to promote a "Superconductivity Competitiveness Act" that would make it impossible to talk over this topic with any foreign scientists. And, since the imminence of high-temperature superconductivity became obvious, the U. S. government has cut funding for research in this field.

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #4 (Feld): You're going to a part of the country where they serve shrimp jambalaya, sea-food paella, civet de lapin, Creole tripe, and bouillabaise, and eat kosher? You, sir, are a masochist.

I am also thinking of adding some verses to "Captain Pigpen Mallomar". Send me what you've got, and I'll try to conflate it with my own efforts for publication as a three-man collaboration in APA-Filk #39.

I like your line about SCAdians "who seemed intent on singing the Twenty Five Most Depressing Tunes of the Middle Ages", and may use it from time to time.

I also enjoyed "Band from Argo: The Next Generation", which is the best "Next Generation" filk I've seen so far. I have heard several people refer to Wesley Crusher as "Lieutenant Marty Sue". ("Isn't he just perfect? Couldn't you just scream?") But you left out:

Our Counselor's an empath, but she won't soon be a bride,

She isn't an attorney, and to hell with T V Guide.

Her father was with Star Fleet, and when things are somewhat slow,

We try to guess his name, because her mother doesn't know.



## NEW BOOKS, TOO (continued from p. 1)

discussion in APA-Filk. There is yet another parody to "Never Set the Cat on Fire": "Never Get a Vulcan Ticked". (What is coming next: "Never Set the Fox on Fire", a filked version of Judges 15:4-5?) Charles Asbornsen has "North the Mute Marine" to the tune of "Yellow Submarine", while Crystal S. Hagel takes on Darkover fandom with "I Got Laran" to the tune of "I Got Rhythm".

Now that Star Trek; The Next Generation is upon us, I suppose that in due course of time we can expect another set of Rec Room Rhymes from the holodeck of the new Enterprise. Already APA-Filk has seen "The New Band from Argo" and "What Shall We Do with a Teen-Age Ensign?"

## GRACELESS NOTES

This section is going to be very short, since the new postage rates and a lot of other fan-pubbing that I currently have to do have led me to cut this issue off at 12 pages, which gets us under the one-ounce postal rate. I am going to have to postpone until #39, in August, three songs that Greg Baker sent me - unless he wants to print them himself. There is also some political filk taken from the more facetious newspaper columnists, but that can also wait, maybe forever.

We are coming up on this present 38th Mailing with no cover, so unless one comes in by the 30th I will use a collage cover which is already prepared, and only needs to have the Mailing number and date rubber-stamped in.

Just after the publication of ANAKREON #36, with the last and most meager collection of verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion", one reader sent in a number of verses for this venerable Neo-Pagan song. I am therefore going to try to collect (or write) a few more, and they will constitute ANAKREON #40, in the 40th Mailing, on 1 November 1988. Keep this in mind, and get any verses to me by the middle of October.

ANAKREON #38

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York  
11226-5302

- There is an item on  
p. \_\_\_\_\_ that may be  
of interest to you.

FIRST CLASS MAIL



# shorcon 5



Sat. June 11, 1988

10 AM TO 5 PM

featuring

Don & Elsie Wollheim

## REGISTRATION

\$6.00 til 5/16/88  
\$8.00 at-the-door

## DEALERS TABLES:

\$12.00 each  
(including 1 membership)

Make checks payable to:

LISFS

For Art Show information,  
please send an SASE.

## LOCATION:

Bellmore Methodist Church  
2640 Royle Street  
Bellmore, LI, NY

(1 block south of Sunrise Hwy,  
behind McClusky's--opposite the  
Bellmore Station of the LIRR.)

Long Island Science Fiction Society, Inc.  
PO Box 275, Merrick, NY 11566

